

The World's Best
JANUARY.
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January, 1892.
17,604
PER DAY.
For January, 1894.
427,997
PER DAY.

It is proposed to abolish the Marine Corps in the United States navy. Tell this to the marines!

For a pronounced boss of other men, McKane exhibits little control over himself, on the witness stand.

They called Vaillant "a true Anarchist." But it is a first principle of Anarchy to be true to principle.

It is a mistake to speak of a jury of McKane's peers. In his way, the Gravesend boss is simply peerless.

A Kentucky man is dying from the effects of a quart of whiskey on his one hundred and first birthday. Some men never get old enough to know better.

"But me no Butts," said the Assembly, in effect, last night, and the "Greater New York" bill went to third reading, despite the obstreperous member from Westchester.

It was a cold day for breaking ground on the new subway, but there was a heart-warming thought for many an idle laborer of regular employment at good wages soon to be furnished along the projected line of the drive.

Da Gama gives forty-eight hours' notice that he will blockade Rio. It will be remembered that a recent notice of Admiral Benham in Rio harbor, took effect immediately. Another one from the American fleet commander should hardly be necessary.

Secretary Lamont finds that about \$223,971 men are available for military duty in the United States. They will never be needed. No other nation cares to face on their own soil such "millions for defense." But it is pleasant to realize that they are ready.

The "Greater New York" bill is safe in the Assembly, and probably there is little to fear for the measure in the Senate. It is almost certain that the people of the metropolitan district will soon have the long-sought opportunity to vote on the question of consolidation.

There is a painful monotony about these stories of dying men being set down as "drunks" and left in the streets to perish by hospital ambulance surgeons. Roosevelt Hospital has added a new one to its list. This sort of thing looks rather more creditable to the ordinary observer, than would a little longer hospital mortality record.

Lieutenant-Commander DeLahanty, supervisor of New York harbor, calls attention again, and more forcibly, to the imminent peril to the harbor which comes from the illegal dumping of dredge barges, excavation barges and garbage barges. Almost nothing is being done to remedy the evil, which is more threatening to New York's commercial interests, it would appear, than the recently combated project for a bridge with piers in the North River. Important canals are being rapidly and steadily filled up, according to the official DeLahanty's story. The Government should awaken promptly to the situation.

That was a timely question which the Board of Estimate and Apportionment put to the Rapid Transit Commission yesterday, when there came up a demand for \$1,500 to meet a deficit in the "Commission's" finances. "What are you doing?" was the query. "It is what the people have long been asking. And the Commission has thus far answered nothing, for the simple reason that it was doing nothing. However, the employees of the slow-going body are not to blame for the majority majority of the Board which gave them their places. It can hardly be to the credit of the city to cut these people off from the wages they would have earned if the Commission had let them.

In voicing his own distrust of the State Senate Investigating Committee, which has been trying to start an inquiry into the management of the Police Department of this city, Dr. Parkhurst avails himself of the feeling of a great many citizens. It remains for the Committee to wipe out that distrust by its own course. To do so, it must prove that the proposed investigation is not a mere Platonic, not a hunt for points of partisan advantage, not a simple seeking exhibition for political effect. If the Committee is to do sincere, earnest, valuable work it will not lack opportunity and

timely assistance. The Committee declares that it proposes to do just that sort of work. Then every good citizen bids it Godspeed.

CAN IT BE CALLED OFF?
The people of New York have little faith in legislative investigating committees. There have been so many of them, and in almost every instance they have turned out to be shams. The people are tired of the reason the persons who have been seeking to expose alleged police abuses and to bring about police reform have hesitated to co-operate with the present Lexow Committee. Dr. Parkhurst frankly told the sub-committee yesterday that his Society entertains a degree of anxiety lest the Senatorial investigators should be "called off," as so many others have been, whenever the developments promised to be seriously interesting.

Although the Chairman declared the suspicion unjust, and although Senator Bradley significantly repudiated the idea that this Committee was going to be a counterpart of the Fassett Committee, the suspicion of its insincerity was evidently not wholly removed. This was proved by the anxiety of the representative of the Chamber of Commerce to be assured that no police legislation would take place at Albany until the result of the pending investigation had been reached, and by the insistence of Dr. Parkhurst that the Committee's duty is to investigate the police, and not to investigate those who have made charges against the police.

While there is reason in all this, the fact should not be overlooked that the strongest proof of wrong doing has been reached, and by the insistence of Dr. Parkhurst that the Committee's duty is to investigate the police, and not to investigate those who have made charges against the police. The fact should not be overlooked that the strongest proof of wrong doing has been reached, and by the insistence of Dr. Parkhurst that the Committee's duty is to investigate the police, and not to investigate those who have made charges against the police.

A GOOD BEGINNING.
Work has been begun upon the speedway. Mayor Gilroy yesterday turned the first spadeful of earth to break ground for the construction, and soon it is promised that a thousand men shall be busy employed with shovel and pick earning a fair day's pay for an honest day's work.

That is a good beginning, and it is to be hoped it is only a precursor of other public works that have been already too long delayed. If it had not been for the obstinate persistence of three of the members of the committee, the road would have been completed long ago.

Now let the authorities hurry up the new municipal building, the Elm street widening, the park improvements and other necessary works to give employment to other thousands who are anxious to earn a living.

THE LEADER ON HIS TRAVELS.
Mr. Richard Croker has left New York to enjoy for a time a milder and more congenial climate. On a former occasion, when he made a sudden trip to Europe, it was for the benefit of his impaired health. His many friends will be glad to learn that this time his departure from the city is not caused by indisposition, unless it may be an indisposition to be bothered and worried any longer by political enemies. It is said that he will be robust and vigorous as his recent energetic anti-income tax campaign at Washington proves.

Mr. Croker goes to find peace and rest. After the turmoil caused by the enemies of his organization, and the attacks to which Tammany has been subjected from all quarters, he needs to find the Pacific and to be allowed to welcome them. When he looks out upon the placid waters and enjoys the springlike breezes, a feeling of calm satisfaction will doubtless steal over him as he thinks how happily he has escaped the annoyances of Senatorial investigations and Grand Jury inquiries. He may experience a feeling of relief when he reflects upon the defeat of his Congressional candidate in the Fourteenth District, but even that mishap will scarcely disturb his rest or interfere with his full enjoyment of his well-earned holiday.

Before Mr. Croker returns to New York he will delight in the warm rays of the sun and the fresh breezes of the sea. He will find that the Pacific is indeed a welcome haven. When he looks out upon the placid waters and enjoys the springlike breezes, a feeling of calm satisfaction will doubtless steal over him as he thinks how happily he has escaped the annoyances of Senatorial investigations and Grand Jury inquiries.

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"BUTTERFLIES."
Plays containing "ideas" and "theories" and "purposes" have been very numerous of late. They have come to us from England, France and Germany, anxious to prove here what they proved there. They were rejected soundly. New York has not yet arrived at a period when it can enjoy an amiable discussion of dangerous realities. It prefers to overlook those realities altogether, or to skate over the thin ice that hides them from view.

Henry Clay Carleton, the author of the new play, "Butterflies," which was presented for the first time in this city at Palmer's Theatre last night, must know all this. He has put together three acts, among which there is not a single idea, but he has introduced us to some bright dialogue, one or two pretty incidents and several nice people, most of whom are in love with each other. They trifle joyously through the scenes, peck at each other with rose leaves, run races on a leafy Lenox lane and play peck-a-boe behind a giant oak. They soliloquize frequently, and they are at cross purposes occasionally to vary the monotony. There is not an "unpleasant" word in the entire piece—all is idyllic, sweet and perfect—a picture of true American life, which, as we all know, simply reeks with poetry.

Mr. Carleton tried one "situation," but it was no grotesque that it was tedious. Frederick Ossian, the hero, had to do something self-sacrificing to bring down at least one curtain. He could not save Miriam from a villain, he could not foil an adventurer—because there was no adventurer. Guess what he did? Mrs. Beverly Stuart Dodge, the mother of the girl he loved, and a horrible upstart who had snubbed him persistently, was turned by a dressmaker. The dressmaker's agent, a young man, was turned by a dressmaker. The dressmaker's agent, a young man, was turned by a dressmaker.

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HOME FOR TILLIE MARKERT.
At Last Surrendered by the American Female Guardian Society.

Tillie Markert, the twelve-year-old daughter of Charles Markert, of Patterson, N. J., who was turned out on the street by her father, has at last found a home with her uncle, Charles Grosskurth, of 129 Second avenue, in spite of the refusal of the American Female Guardian Society nearly two months ago to give up the child.

Legal proceedings had been threatened, as stated in "The Evening World" at the time, but after a conference with Attorney Philip J. Britt, who represented Mr. Grosskurth, and Mr. Grosskurth's agents, the child was sent for the first time in this city at Palmer's Theatre last night, must know all this. He has put together three acts, among which there is not a single idea, but he has introduced us to some bright dialogue, one or two pretty incidents and several nice people, most of whom are in love with each other.

Henry Clay Carleton, the author of the new play, "Butterflies," which was presented for the first time in this city at Palmer's Theatre last night, must know all this. He has put together three acts, among which there is not a single idea, but he has introduced us to some bright dialogue, one or two pretty incidents and several nice people, most of whom are in love with each other.

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FIVE MEN DROWNED.
Sailboat Capsized, Near Pensacola, and Only Two Were Saved.

PENSACOLA, Fla., Feb. 6.—Seven men left the city in a sailboat yesterday to go to Big Bahine, in Santa Rosa County, about twelve miles from here. They were A. H. Rollins, D. M. Washburn, Ed. Moley, Gus Messick, employees of S. J. Smith, and two others, one of whom named Rounder, an unknown man, and Hiram Brown, who sailed the boat.

Tragedy struck the boat yesterday morning, about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when they started to return, the boat was capsized. The seven men clung to the boat for hours, but finally Rollins, Washburn, Moley, Messick and Brown became exhausted and sank to their death, one by one. The other two men held on and were rescued about noon by lumber ladders. They were almost insensible.

The lighter arrived here last night, bringing the two survivors. The men who were drowned were recent arrivals here, having come from Michigan and Iowa to work in the furniture factory.

RESIGNATIONS DUE TO-DAY.
Governor Has Charges Ready If Michigan Officials Stick.

LANSING, Mich., Feb. 6.—Another suspicious circumstance in connection with the 1893 salaries amendment canvass is that while the legislative manual of 1893 called for the vote on salaries amendment in by counties, the manual for 1893 gives only the total vote—the vote by counties not appearing at all.

Undoubtedly some one in authority is responsible for this departure. Gov.itch has his charges already prepared to serve upon the delinquent officials to-day in case their resignations are not forthcoming.

The usual custom in other cases of removal is followed by giving the defendants eight days in which to answer the charges. But in this case the Constitution apparently leaves the cause of removal within the discretion of the Governor.

EX-SLAVE LEFT A FORTUNE.
Son Inherits the Will of a Kansas City Colored Minister.

KANSAS CITY, Feb. 6.—A contest to break the will of the Rev. James F. Sweeney, the pastor of the St. James Colored Baptist Church, and to settle the title to nearly \$50,000 worth of real estate in this city, began yesterday in Judge Stover's court. The history of the life of James Sweeney is the story of a slave who became a minister of the gospel, and a man who through the growth of Kansas City amassed a considerable fortune.

He died in June, 1892, leaving a widow and a natural son, who is known as Charles Sweeney, and a son by a second marriage, who is known as Harry Sweeney. Harry Sweeney is trying to break the will and to obtain a portion of the estate.

ELKHART ELOPERS CAUGHT.
Sackett Arrested and Miss Davenport Detained at Topeka.

TOPEKA, Kan., Feb. 6.—A sensation was caused here yesterday by the arrest of Harry L. Sackett, the silhouette artist, and the detention of Miss Frances Davenport, who eloped with him from Elkhart, Ind., some weeks ago.

Miss Davenport to-day called on "The Evening World" and explained the circumstances of her elopement. She said that she was a friend of the family, and that she had been asked to elope with Sackett. She said that she had been asked to elope with Sackett.

DISPUTED DR. M'GLYNN.
Colored Men Interrupts the New York Priest's Lecture.